



LAFITTE OF LOUISIANA

BY MARY DEVEREUX

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON
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CHAPTER XVI.

As she looked about her, in the tangled and shadowy forest, where the night was already coming darkly, a new terror arose within her, and she sought to return by the way she had come, but this was only to find her steps cut off by still denser masses of forest growth. Even as she stood hesitating, there came a faint cry, like that of a child, and a rush of hopefulness thrilled her at the thought of something human being near in the gloom and oppressive stillness.

Then there fell upon her a freezing terror, as she suddenly recalled the slaves telling recently of a panther's voice having been heard at night, near the settlement; and she remembered that they had likened it to the crying of a child.

Trembling with fright, she stood, glancing about in terror, wondering which way to turn, when another sound came faintly. It was a sound she had heard before, and one no hearer could ever forget; a short, quick bark, followed by a prolonged howl—the cry of the timber wolf.

Gathering her draperies closely, she sprang forward again, all color gone from the dainty little face, now ashen with fear, against which the bushes and low branches beat unmercifully. Again and again the fiendish cry rang out, to be succeeded by another, and then another, as if the first call had summoned a multitude of wolves to the chase. But, for all her dainty femininity, she had a man's heart for courage in the face of danger; and, as she still kept on, with clenched hands and panting breath, a small cabin showed in a clearing before her.

A new strength came to her at sight of this refuge, and she rushed toward it, to find only an untenanted ruin, with its door fallen from the hinges.

But she saw upon the floor a large iron ring, which indicated the entrance

The touch and the words struck sharply through her benumbed senses; and with a cry of affright, she struggled to free herself.

"What is it?" asked Lafitte, now speaking firmly and quickly. "Are you hurt, child—are you injured in any way?"

"Do not—do not!" the girl commanded, now uncovering her face, and looking up at him with an angry light sparkling in her eyes. "How dare you?"

Drawing back a step, Lafitte stared at her in amazement, until suddenly recalling what Nato had told him a short time before, and realizing that what he had then feared was indeed true, he stood before her speechless, a new agony growing in his pale face.

For a moment she met his eyes unflinchingly. Then, dropping her own, turned from him with a shudder, as she said coldly, "I wish to be taken to the house, Captain—"

She stopped as if checked at the thought of uttering his name.

"In a moment, mademoiselle," he answered with the cool courtesy he would have shown a stranger. "Your grandpère has been alarmed on your account. He had sent for you to come and bid me adieu; and then, when your absence was discovered, it was quite late."

She said nothing, nor did he, for the space of a full minute. Then, with his face turned to the darkness outside, he resumed:

"If the day may ever come when you can think of me with less condemnation, remember always what I tell you now. I do not, nor can I ever, blame you. And, if I can ever serve you, you have but to command me, always and forever."

Some of the slaves, who had returned from the hunt, now sent up a joyous shout at sight of their "M'm'selle" unhurt; and, rising, she

in the Mississippi valley, occupied by some two hundred and seventy persons, many of them women and children, of whom all but seventeen were put to death by the Creeks, one of the tribes which the English had won over for allies.

Gov. Claiborne had foreseen this threatened peril, but was powerless to avert it, for his forces were few and scattered, while the Indians seemed innumerable, and moved with wonderful activity. But the governor did all in his power to restore confidence; and not long afterward Gen. Jackson utterly destroyed the Creeks at Talladega.

"My mother may be telling me wrongly," Jean said, as the two sat talking in their abode at Grande Terre—a cabin outside, but luxurious within, "but I have a feeling that if I now go to the emperor I may find the opportunity for serving him; and that this may prove to him the love that has never died."

"Perhaps," answered Pierre, hesitatingly. "But what is it that makes you think you may be of service to the emperor and France?"

"To say truth, I have no idea that is definite; but I feel an irresistible inclination to go, and see if the opportunity offers."

"If you should find service over there—then what?"

"Why," replied Jean, "then you can wind up our matters here, and come over to join me. Why not?"

"Why not, indeed? That is assuredly what I would do, if—" and Pierre hesitated for an instant—"I could."

"And what can prevent?"

"In such a case," Pierre replied deliberately, "there would be a valuable cargo to come with me, and watchful enemies here to blind. Then possibly, or most probably, by summer or fall, with the English vessels patrolling the waters around us, the safe getting away might not be so easy a matter."

"Summer and fall are not now," was the oracular declaration; "and by the time they come, it may be that the English will have been made to share home again, as once before."

"I don't feel at all sure as to that," Pierre commented, as he rose to cover the embers upon the hearth. Then, turning to Jean, he continued, as though there had been no interruption, "I tell thee, lad, that Louisiana has always possessed a great attraction for Great Britain."

"Grant it," said Jean, rising and stretching himself. "Then all the more reason why, in case they succeed in obtaining it, that we should wish to live somewhere else."

"Ah, but I am not saying that they will rule here!" exclaimed Pierre, with a showing of anger at thought of the possibility suggested by Jean's words. "God forbid!"

"Amen to that," said Jean, laughing at the quick change in his foster-brother's manner and look; and they soon parted for the night.

It was a bright morning in May that the "Black Petrel," with Jean Lafitte and a picked crew, and bearing a cargo of rich merchandise, sailed from Barataria; and Pierre, his heart filled with loneliness and misgivings, sat on the bluff, watching her sails until they melted away on the horizon.

ABOUT THE AGE OF A CROW.

A Tag Would Indicate That One Lived More Than Twenty Years.

A farmer living near Orrville, Ohio, says a correspondent of the Toronto Globe, has just received a much-prized little aluminum plate marked as follows: "Return to George McCarren, Orrville, O." with which an interesting story is connected.

George McCarren, Sr., father of the man who received the little billet of aluminum, was an eccentric naturalist and spent much time in the study of birds and insects. During McCarren's youth, about twenty years ago, he says he remembers being told by his father, the elder McCarren, of a dispute the latter had with a fellow naturalist at Akron, Ohio, as to the age to be attained by a common crow, and finally, to settle the matter, McCarren attached an aluminum tag to the crow captured in the fields and sent the bird forth with the plate securely fastened to its neck by wires. The legend on the plate requested the finder to return it to McCarren in case anything should happen to the bird.

As McCarren, Jr., remembers it, the two men made a bet as to whether the plate would be returned within twenty years. If the crow were killed or died they counted on the little billet being found and returned to the address on the plate. If this were not returned they believed it would be sufficient evidence that the bird would be still alive. McCarren bet that the plate would not be returned within that time; hence he won the bet. The crow was killed by a farmer boy named Angers in Holmes county last week, and the billet returned to the son of the better, the elder McCarren having died before he could realize the proceeds and the satisfaction of winning his wager. The little billet is highly prized by the McCarrens as a memento of the father's eccentricity.

One of a boxful of four rattlesnakes sent to Fred Kempe from California three or four days ago laid an egg, which is said to be almost without precedent, as snakes in captivity never breed.

The egg is only a little smaller than a hen's egg, and the small rattler can be plainly seen curled up inside of the opaque membrane. It is expected to hatch within a day or two. Few naturalists have ever been able to locate the eggs of the rattlesnake, owing to the fact that the snake is exceedingly torpid at the time, and seeks the bottom of its hole, so as not to be prey for the birds, which attack it.—Milwaukee Sentinel.



The Grand Army of the Republic.
Day by day their ranks are thinning, one by one they disappear.
And at each succeeding roll call, fewer voices answer: "Here!"

Still their regiments are marching—many march with noiseless tread,
And no bugles sound "assembly" in the bivouac of the dead.

Hats are reverently lifted to the heroes lying here;
Lift them to the living heroes—hail them all with cheer on cheer.

Not for long will they be with us; soon each regiment will be
Tented here beneath the blossoms of the land it helped to free.

But to-day the drums are muffled and the flag at half-mast waves,
Keeping green dead heroes' memories at the grass above their graves.

Still another weary winter shrouded in the snow they lay;
Now we bring them crowns and garlands of the loveliest blooms of May.

Let them rest in honored slumber, while their praise, from shore to shore,
Eighty millions throats are swelling—we are free forevermore!

—Elsie Florence Fay, in Success Magazine.

THE NEW MEMORIAL DAY.

With blossom-laden hands, to-day the nation stands,
Beside the graves of those who died for liberty.

The story is long told, our hearts can no more hold
The bitterness of strife, the tears, the agony.

Yet the memory of these men shall perish only when
The manhood of the land, the love of freedom, dies.

And lo! beside their sod new fold is turned;
New martyrs called for freedom, 'mid women's tears and cries.

By these just newly dead—their blood for Cuba shed—
And these who lie at peace, in the land they died to free;



Let all men know we keep their vigil while they sleep—
On guard, for aye, of this great nation's destiny.

These heroes have not laid their brave lives down in vain,
Her sons again have pledged our land to liberty.
O hearts that grieve to-day for soldiers far away,
Who bore our country's flag and died to set men free.

Look up and sigh no more. Like those who died before,
The nation keeps their memories and the people's hearts are true.
For Chickamauga still echoes on through San Juan Hill
To one nation and one people 'neath the red, white and blue.

To the Nation's Dead.

Long have they lain 'neath the grass and sod,
Those noble sons that in battle trod.
No more the sound of the bugle call
Shall quicken their steps to duty's call.
They only wait for the trumpet sound,
When the great and good shall at last be crowned.

Ye who march on this day in May,
To scatter garlands of flow'rs gay
Over the mounds of soft green earth,
Where sleep the brave in battle gored;
Know that to these ye owe your land,
So scatter the buds with willing hand,
With thoughts of love while lips do pray
For the peace and rest of the Blue and Gray.

And let the flag on each grave rest,
Of him whose struggle made it blest.
Those Stars and Stripes let proudly wave
Above each soldier honored grave.
For these are they who held them high,
Caring not that they should die.
So let the Union feel to-day
Thoughts of love for the Blue and Gray.

Sleeping, Not Dead.

Ye silent men, who to your country gave
The full measure of devotion—life—
Ye fell asleep while the tumultuous strife
Around you swelled in fury, like the wave
Which breaks upon the rocks which prove
Its grave.

To-day, around you all the air is rife
With waiting cries from bugle and from rifle—
The voice of that dear land you died to save,
Nay, ye have never died—ye live to-day

In every soul which joys that it is free;
In that fair flag with which the breezes play.
With every flashing star undimmed, unlost,
In all our hearts, which clay like yours shall be

Before our land forgets what freedom cost.
—Ninette M. Lowater, in N. Y. Sun.

The Fallen.

Hark! a bugle winds shrill
O'er the brow of the hill,
At whose base stygian waters outpour;
"The our comrades, beyond sight,
Signal back through the night
To the few who are left on this shore.

Old Charon oars free
Our brave hosts through the sea,
As they, prompt to the bugle, respond—
How his boat rocks and rolls,
With the weight of their souls,
Who are linked with affection's strong bond.

To the blue and the gray
Gives he each right of war,
And a chaplet of glory as well;
Since nobly they fought
Each as honor had taught,
And nobly, as heroes, they fell.

Mingling Grave and Gay

Some with Solemn Ceremonies and Some with Joyous Sports Observe the National Day of Memory.

Come, tread
With solemn step and slow to where
they rest,
The honored and the blest,
The Nation's valiant dead,
Let hymn and prayer
Sound through the perfumed air
As little children springtide blossoms
bear:
Violets, lilies and the lilac bloom,
Daisies from grassy leas

Whoops, yells
And groan and cheers admiring,
Perspiring
And scarlet bleachers clapping,
Rapping,
Tooting,
Rooting and hooting;
A steady crunch of brittle peanut
shells,
A gurgling of the bottles
inclined to thirsty throattles,
A straining, not of flowers
From leafy bowers,
But of discarded crusts and scraps of
meat.
Sweet
Odors of cheap cigars and cigarettes,
That's what one gets.
That's just one way
We have of spending DECORATION
DAY.

Well, such is life,
And memory of death and fame;
A chiseled name
Upon a slab of perishable stone,
To one age with its recollections rife
And to the next, a name, and that
alone.

And waxen white anemones
To deck the humble mound or stately
tomb.

Some slabs are old and gray,
Crumbling with Time's decay,
And some, aye many, are of yester-
day.

And of that meager band
Of comrades left, decrepit, bent and
old,
Who stand
Apart, their white locks bared,
How many will be spared
To stand when that To-morrow's tale
is told?

Soon on their ears the last great Mus-
ter-call
Will fall
And they will pass to join the mighty
host
At the Eternal Post.

One!
Two, three—Run! RUN!
Hey! send that in!
Out! Out on first, the everlasting
chump!

Our side will have to hump
To win.
Now watch Tim Murphy swat
The ball across the lo.
A fly!

Say, he can't miss it—Ye
I missed my guess.
Oh, Glory! Why
In thunder did he let that catch go by,
Confound his hide!

Run, Mick, You'll make it. Slide,
you sucker, SLIDE!
What's that he said?

And then a man must toil
And play,
And playtimes are too rare to let him
spoil
A springtide holiday.

So here, with solemn ceremonies tread
The mourners of the dead,
And here, with frenzied shouts, the
fans acclaim
THE GAME.

KENNETT HARRIS.

WHO HAS ARMY ENVELOPES?

Few of These Reminders of the Civil War Are to Be Found To-Day.

It would be interesting to know just how many varieties of illustrated soldiers' envelopes were printed in the course of the four-year war. It is said there were several thousands of them. Every loyal state was prolific of local as well as general suggestive ideas for pictorial and typographical expression, and the opportunity was well improved by manufacturers of and dealers in stationery. Unlike the war songs of Root and other composers, this "Union envelope" had an ephemeral existence.

In Grand Army halls and at Grand Army campfires, and the stage enactment of civil war dramas, almost everything else is seen in the line of reminders of the days of '61-5—muskets, swords, belts, knapsacks, haversacks, canteens, tin dippers, belts, flags, etc.—but the army envelope is not in evidence. And yet, even at this late day, there is, it is safe to opine, many a carefully treasured specimen of the oblong, illustrated and inscribed inclosure of the soldier boy's letter from the scene of suffering, of strife and carnage, which, if it could speak, might tell a story of sentimental and thrilling interest—one of the tens of thousands of unwritten romances of an heroic age that has no peer in the annals of the camp and field of famous military campaigns in the old or the new world.

Old men in carriages, trundling along so slow;
Old, old men a-marching, with the spirit of long ago;
Old, old flags furled straitly, dreaming of sword and shell;
All that is left of the old war, save the tale the histories tell.

Young men marching briskly, all in their khaki brown,
Heroes of Santiago or far Manila town,
Wounded, they never weakened. They suffered and yet they sang,
And over the land long shranked the hymns of Freedom rang!

O, white heads bowed and feeble! O, brown heads high and proud,
We love you and pray God bless you! we who stand in the crowd,
And we thank the merciful Father that, all our history through,
He has given us such a memory and such a hope as you!

—Youth's Companion.

In Memory and in Hope.

Forty-two years ago the appalling campaign of the Wilderness, with all its magnificent devotion on both sides, was but two-thirds over, its guns slowly wheeling southward day by day, opposed with a brilliance and daring the annals of war have rarely seen equaled, while around the heart of the confederacy Sherman was drawing a girdle of fire.

Now, on May 30, all over the land, south as well as north, wherever the grave of a national soldier who fought in the great war is known, his old comrades and his descendants will lay an offering of the flowers which are the perpetual rebirth of earth's beauty.

Well, that's about
The rottenest! Someone beat in his head.
Kill him! Ain't that the limit, on the dead?
Say, what's the score?
Well, we can cinch 'em with a couple more.

Whoops, yells
And groan and cheers admiring,
Perspiring
And scarlet bleachers clapping,
Rapping,
Tooting,
Rooting and hooting;
A steady crunch of brittle peanut
shells,
A gurgling of the bottles
inclined to thirsty throattles,
A straining, not of flowers
From leafy bowers,
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Old men in carriages, trundling along so slow;
Old, old men a-marching, with the spirit of long ago;
Old, old flags furled straitly, dreaming of sword and shell;
All that is left of the old war, save the tale the histories tell.

Young men marching briskly, all in their khaki brown,
Heroes of Santiago or far Manila town,
Wounded, they never weakened. They suffered and yet they sang,
And over the land long shranked the hymns of Freedom rang!

O, white heads bowed and feeble! O, brown heads high and proud,
We love you and pray God bless you! we who stand in the crowd,
And we thank the merciful Father that, all our history through,
He has given us such a memory and such a hope as you!

—Youth's Companion.

In Memory and in Hope.

Forty-two years ago the appalling campaign of the Wilderness, with all its magnificent devotion on both sides, was but two-thirds over, its guns slowly wheeling southward day by day, opposed with a brilliance and daring the annals of war have rarely seen equaled, while around the heart of the confederacy Sherman was drawing a girdle of fire.

Now, on May 30, all over the land, south as well as north, wherever the grave of a national soldier who fought in the great war is known, his old comrades and his descendants will lay an offering of the flowers which are the perpetual rebirth of earth's beauty.

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He stood before her, speechless.

to a cellar; and, seizing this, she pulled at it with all her strength.

A small section of the floor lifted, creaking on rusted hinges, and dashing wildly through dust and cobwebs that rose with it, she plunged into the shallow opening, earth-walled and floored, the dust filling her eyes and nostrils, and half-choking her, as she panted sobbingly for breath.

A few moments later she grew cold with an agony of apprehension, when she heard the noise of her pursuers' feet upon the flooring over her head, and their snuffing at the cracks in the cellar door. How long it lasted she scarcely knew, cramped as she was in the darkness, aching, throbbing—half-swooning, with the dreadful creatures howling and snarling above her head; how long it was before the baying of beagles, faint at first, sounded in her ears.